

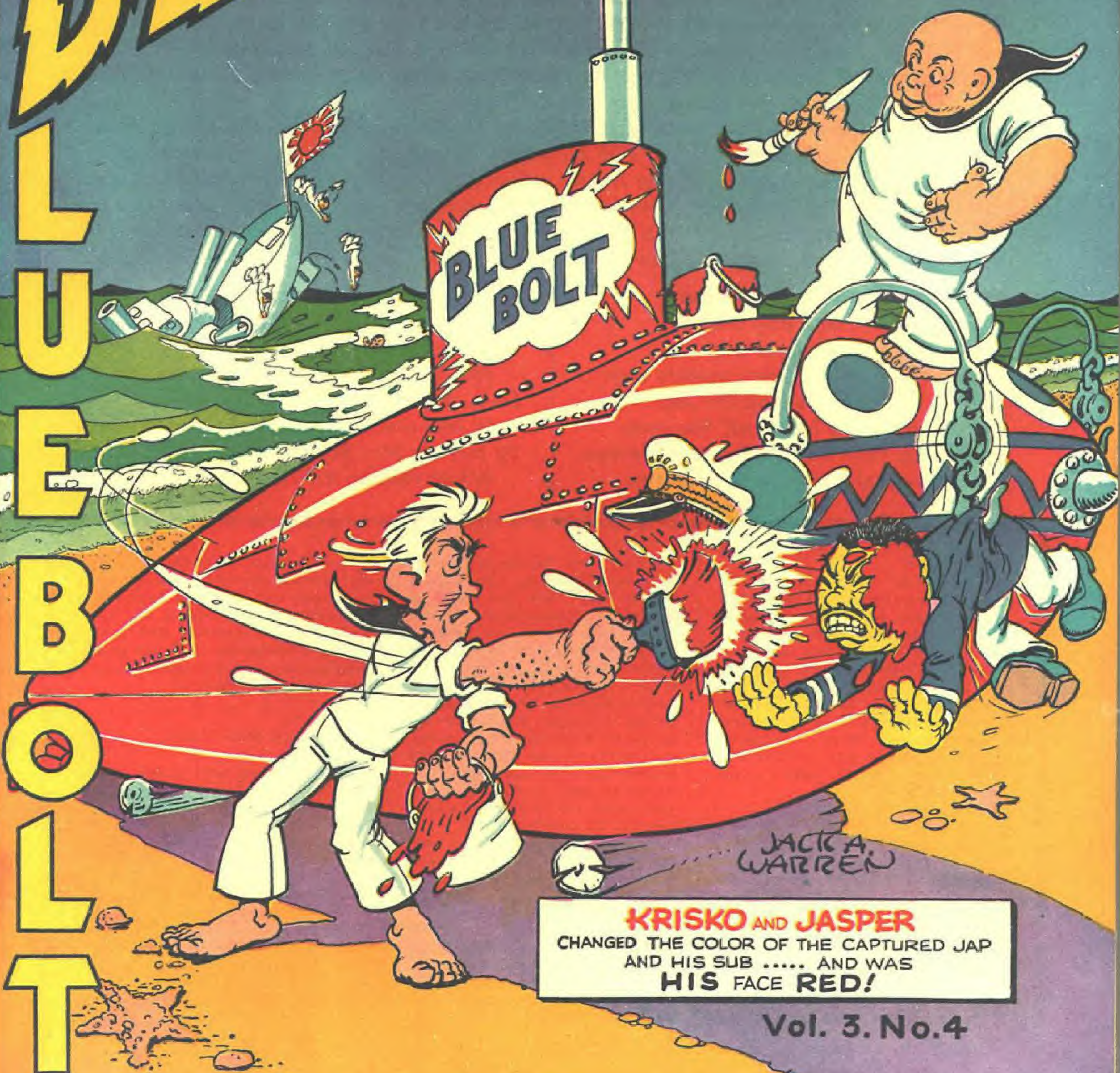
FEATURING

DICK COLE  
EDISON BELL  
SERGEANT SPOOK

September

# BLUE BOLT

10¢



**KRISKO AND JASPER**  
CHANGED THE COLOR OF THE CAPTURED JAP  
AND HIS SUB ..... AND WAS  
**HIS FACE RED!**

Vol. 3. No. 4





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

HEY, BILL!

WAIT UP!

THOUGH WE TRAVEL  
IN LANDS AS DISTANT  
AS A STAR...  
WE'LL ALWAYS BE  
NEAR TO FARR.

'LO DICK!  
HI, FELLERS!

HAVE A NICE  
VACATION,  
DICK?

SURE FEELS  
GREAT TO BE  
BACK, SIMBA!

'RAY, FARR!  
HI, FELLERS!

ANOTHER  
CHEERY,  
SUNSHINY  
SUMMER VACATION  
OVER THE  
STALWART CADETS  
OF  
FARR MILITARY  
ACADEMY  
RETURN TO  
SCHOOL AGAIN,  
TO RENEW OLD  
FRIENDSHIPS  
AND RIVALRIES  
AND RELIVE  
THE TRADITIONS  
OF FARR... LITTLE  
REALIZING THE  
SURPRISE THAT  
AWAITS THEM ALL!

HOT DOG!

A GROUP OF CADETS  
PILE OUT OF THE  
BUS THAT HAS BROUGHT  
THEM FROM THE  
RAILROAD STATION.

A FEW MINUTES  
LATER A BUGLE  
RINGS OUT THE CALL  
TO "ASSEMBLY"...

...AND THE CADETS RUSH TO THE FARR QUADRANGLE!

SWELL TO GET  
BACK TO THE  
OLD PLACE,  
EH, SIMBA?

RIGHT  
DRESS!

YEAH-BUT I  
HARDLY HAD A CHANCE  
TO OPEN MY SUITCASE

STEP ONIT!  
YOU OLD  
TURTLES!



MATOR FARR, HEAD OF THE ACADEMY, ADDRESSES THE CADETS!

AS YOU KNOW, OUR GREAT COUNTRY IS AT WAR, AND WE ARE INDEED PROUD OF FARR MEN WHO ARE SERVING THE FLAG WITH SUCH COURAGE AND UNSELFISHNESS!



IN BATMAN, JAWA, AUSTRALIA, PEARL HARBOR, JAPANESE WATERS - EVERYWHERE... THE CADETS OF FARR HAVE SERVED BRAVELY! CADETS LIKE TED DARE, EDDIE MARCH, JIM RULLEY, AND MANY OTHERS HAVE MADE AMERICA TAKE NOTICE!



IT IS MY GREAT HONOR TO "SEND OFF" MORE OF OUR BOYS, WHO LEAVE FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL TODAY AND HAVE COME TO SAY "GOODBYE" TO FARR!



SUDDENLY, DICK COLE RUSHES FORWARD!

LET'S GIVE 'EM A REAL SENDOFF, FELLOWS!

HOORAY!  
HOORAY!  
HOORAY!



... BECAUSE OF THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY, THERE WILL BE FEWER INSTRUCTORS, AND EACH NEW PLEBE WILL BE ASSIGNED TO A SENIOR CADET, ACCORDING TO THE LIST ALREADY ON THE BULLETIN BOARD. CARRY ON!



AFTER THE "BREAK RANKS" COMMAND, THE CADETS HURRY OVER TO THE BULLETIN BOARD.

IF I'VE GOTTA PLAY NURSEMAID, AT LEAST I HOPE I PICK A PLEBE WITH BRAINS!

DON'T WORRY, SIMBA - THEY'RE ALL GOOD IF THEY COME TO FARR!









SIMBA QUICKLY FINDS HIS NEW CHARGE, AND TOGETHER WITH DICK AND OBIE, STARTS BACK TO THE ACADEMY.

SHORE THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT AT FARR, MISTER SIMBA!

THIS JOE DALY'S O.K. BUT DICK'S GONNA HAVE HIS HANDS FULL WITH OBIE!

YOU BET JOE!

THE NEXT DAY, AT CAVALRY INSTRUCTION, OBIE WINTERS PROVES HIMSELF TO BE AN EXPERT HORSEMAN!

CADET WINTERS SURE CAN RIDE, CAN'T HE, SIR?

QUITE!

HOW 'N'T DOIN' FELLERS?

THE KID'S GOOD!

WOW!

CADET COLE WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE PROPER FORM FOR STEEPLE-CHASING. WILL ONE OF YOU VOLUNTEER TO GET A 'JUMPER'?

GOOD BOY!

I WILL, CAPTAIN SMITH.

OBIE WINTERS GALLOPS BACK TO THE NEARBY STABLES AND SWIFTLY RETURNS WITH A THOROUGHBRED 'JUMPER'!

HA-HA! NOW FOR A LITTLE FUN!

JUST A LITTLE BURR UNDER THE SADDLE!

DICK MOUNTS THE STEEPLECHASER.

THANKS A LOT, OBIE!

HA-HA-HA! YOU'RE PERFECTLY WELCOME, DICK!

DICK WALKS THE HORSE OUT TO THE PLACE WHERE THE DIFFICULT WATER JUMP IS SET UP.

THIS HORSE SEEMS TO BE A BIT JITTERY-BUT I GUESS HE'S ALL RIGHT!

WHOA, BOY!

ALL READY FOR THE JUMP, CADET COLE?

WAIT TILL HE STARTS TO GALLOP! HA-HA-HA-HA!

?



DICK GALLOPS THE THOROUGHBRED TOWARD THE WATER JUMP, WHEN SUDDENLY....

STEADY, BOY-  
STEADY!



WILD WITH PAIN FROM THE BURR, THE HORSE DASHES FOR THE HURDLE...

WHAT IN THE WORLD GOT INTO THIS HORSE!  
WOW!

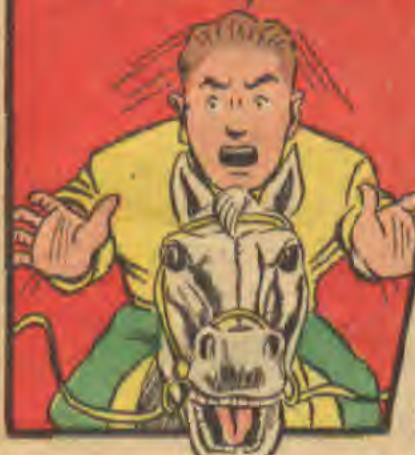
LOOK AT THAT!

WOW!



.... THEN SUDDENLY STOPS!...

HOLY MACKERAL!



.... AND SENDS DICK HURLING THROUGH THE AIR OVER THE WATER JUMP!

WHAT TH'-!

Oop!



BOY, AM I STUCK IN THE MUD!



MEANWHILE, THE GREEN CADETS ROAR WITH LAUGHTER AS SIMBA AND CAPTAIN SMITH RUSH OFF TO DICK!

HA-HA! HA-HA! HE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE!

I HOPE DICK IS ALL RIGHT!

SO DO I!



SURE WAS FUNNY!  
I THOUGHT DICK COLE WAS A  
WONDERFUL RIDER!



CAPTAIN SMITH AND SIMBA SEE A MUD-SPATTERED DICK COLE!

YOUR AWFUL HORSEMANSHIP AMAZES ME, CADET COLE! TAKE THE JUMPER BACK!

ARE YOU O.K., DICK?

YES, SIR!

SURE, I'M O.K.!

THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THAT HORSE, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT!

SIMBA SEES DICK WALK OVER TO THE JUMPER....

BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SIMBA.

DICK'S UP TO SOMETHING!

....AND REMOVES THE BURR

A SHARP BURR! NO WONDER THAT HORSE GOT WILD! SO OBIE'S STILL....

HM-M-M!

THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD'VE PUT THAT BURR UNDER THAT SADDLE WAS OBIE WINTERS!

WELL- I GUESS HE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE SOME FUN!

FUN! FUN? WHY, YOU MIGHT'VE BEEN KILLED!

A SHORT TIME LATER, DICK AND SIMBA RETURN TO THEIR DORMITORY, DICK STILL REFUSING TO IMPLICATE HIS "CHARGE".

IT'S TIME FOR CHOW, SIMBA! GUESS WE'D BETTER GET WASHED UP!

WASHED UP! HA-HA! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED A BATH!... IT'S OBIE I'D LIKE TO SEE WASHED UP!

SIMBA, I'M GOING TO HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH OBIE WINTERS THIS EVENING!

MAKE IT STIFF!



THAT EVENING, STUDIES ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR FUN-LOVING OBIE WINTERS. HE CRAVES A LAUGH—EXCITEMENT!

GOSH! IT SURE WAS FUNNY ABOUT DICK COLE THIS AFTERNOON!

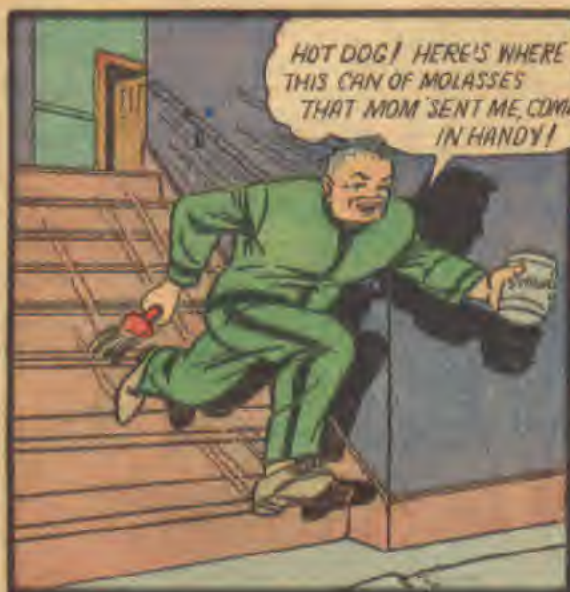
HE'S SURE A RIGHT GUY! ... GLAD HE DIDN'T HURT HIMSELF!

AS HE PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW HE SEES MAJOR FARR LEAVE HIS CAR ...

OH, BOY! WATCH ME GET A LAUGH OUTA TH' MAJOR, HA-HA! HA-HA-HA-HA!



HOT DOG! HERE'S WHERE THIS CAN OF MOLASSES THAT MOM SENT ME, COMES IN HANDY!



NO ONE'S AROUND TO SEE ME DO THIS! STEERING WHEEL ...

THIS'LL BE A PIP!



... NOW I JUST PAINT THE MOLASSES ALL OVER THE STEERING WHEEL! WHEN THE MAJOR GRIPS THE WHEEL—WOWIE!

BUT DICK, WHO HAS COME TO HAVE THE "HEART-TO-HEART" TALK WITH OBIE, TURNS THE CORNER!

THAT'S MAJOR FARR'S CAR AND OBIE IS ... OBIE! OBIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

HOLY McBEE! IT'S DICK COLE! I'D BETTER SCRAM!





OBIE QUICKLY DROPS THE CAN AND BRUSH, AND DASHES INTO THE DORMITORY!

WOW! IF I EVER GET REPORTED FOR THIS!



AS DICK RUSHES OVER AND PICKS UP WHAT HIS WARD HAS DROPPED....

SYRUP! WHY THAT CUCKOO KID OUGHT TO...



JUST THEN, MAJOR FARR RETURNS!

WHY-HELLO THERE, CADET COLE! SURPRISED TO SEE YOU OVER HERE ON THE PLEBE CAMPUS!



ER-HELLO, MAJOR FARR, SIR!

WERE YOU GOING TO PAINT SOMETHING CADET COLE?

ER... I'M AFRAID THE PAINTING HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, SIR!



FROM HIS WINDOW, A HALF-TERRIFIED, HALF-LAUGHING OBIE WINTERS WATCHES.

JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS! HE'S GONNA PUT HIS HANDS ON THAT WHEEL!!! WHAT'LL DICK TELL HIM?

OH H-- I'M SUNK!



WELL, I MUST BE GOI- WHAT! SYRUP!! WHAT- WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS... THIS JOKE, CADET COLE??



MAJOR FARR BLAMES DICK!

CADET COLE, YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS, AND NOT REPORT TO YOUR CLASSES UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

Y-YES SIR!





MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS IN THE DORM, OBIE WINTERS ROARS WITH LAUGHTER... SEEING THAT DICK DIDN'T IMPLICATE HIM!

HA, HA-HA! GOSH! MY SIDES ARE GONNA SPLIT!... THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO COLE! HA-HA!



DICK DECIDES TO SHOULDER THE BLAME... FEELING OBIE IS HIS PROBLEM, HE GOES TO THE ROOM HE SHARES WITH SIMBA.

GOSH! OBIE DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM... HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO 'MOST ANYTHING TO GET A LAUGH!



DICK TELLS SIMBA WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

SO YOU'RE TAKING HIS PUNISHMENT? WHY THAT BRAT DESERVES A GOOD THRASHING!



NO, SIMBA. AFTER ALL, I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR OBIE... SO IT'S BETTER TO JUST LEAVE THINGS ALONE... FOR NOW!

SO... OBIE WINTERS THINKS HE'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY PAL'S GOOD NATURE, EH?... WELL, I'M GONNA FIX HIM... BUT GOOD!



THE NEXT DAY, OBIE RECEIVES A NOTE!



HOLY CHESTNUTS! WHO IN THE WORLD COULD BE SENDING ME A NOTE?

WOW-WOW--! TH' SECRET SIX! I-I'D BETTER GO!



THAT NIGHT, AS OBIE, SCARED STIFF, APPROACHES THE OLD STOREHOUSE... SIMBA AND HIS WARD, JOE, HIDE IN THE SHADOWS!

HERE HE COMES! GOT THE BLINDFOLD READY, JOE?

ALL SET, SIMBA!

I'LL HAVE TO OUT-S-S-SMART THIS S-S-S-SECRET 3-SIX!





SIMBA AND JOE, DISGUIISING THEIR VOICES, POUNCE UPON OBIE...  
BLINDFOLD HIM!

NOW, THE SECRET SIX  
WILL GIVE YOU WHAT  
YOU DESERVE!

YES - OH,  
GREAT LEADER!

U-ULP!

... AND SWIFTLY CARRY HIM INTO THE  
NEARBY CELLAR OF DICK AND SIMBA'S  
DORMITORY BUILDING.

UGG!

SILENCE! IN THE  
NAME OF THE  
SECRET SIX!

THEN, IN THE DARK, SIMBA'S  
VOICE BOOMS OUT...

OBIE WINTERS...FOR YOUR  
SINS AND JOKES...YOU WILL  
RECEIVE PUNISHMENT  
SIXTY SIX!

OO-OO!

SIMBA  
STRIKES  
A MATCH...

... AND WEIRDLY LIGHTS UP A GLEAMING  
SKULL, COATED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

SIMBA AND JOE DASH UP THE  
STEPS TO THE STREET...

WE'LL JUST  
LEAVE HIM IN  
THE DARK FOR  
AWHILE-THEN  
GO BACK FOR HIM  
LATER, JOE

HE'S SHORE-  
SCARED STIFF!  
THIS OUGHTA  
STOP THOSE  
JOKES OF HIS,  
SIMBA!

...NEVER REALIZING THAT  
THE HOT MATCH HAS  
FALLEN ON SOME PAPER  
IN THE CELLAR!

THE FIRE SPREADS RAPIDLY AND HOT FLAMES  
TRAP OBIE WINTERS!

Oooooooooo!



MEANWHILE, DICK, CONFINED TO HIS ROOM IN THE DORMITORY ABOVE, SMELLS THE SMOKE!



DICK TEARS DOWN THE STEPS TO THE STREET!... JUST AS JOE AND SIMBA RETURN!



YOU AND JOE GRAB THAT HOSE AND SHOOT THE WATER INTO THE CELLAR WINDOW! I'M GOING IN TO GET HIM!



DICK FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FIRE!



HE REACHES OBIE JUST AS TORRENTS OF WATER CRASH INTO THE FIRE!





DICK SWIFTLY CARRIES OBIE OUT TO THE STREET, AS SIMBA'S HOSE QUICKLY PUTS OUT THE FIRE, WITHOUT MUCH DAMAGE.

YOU BOTH OK?

GOOD THING IT'S A FIREPROOF CELLAR! **WHEW!**

G-O-GOSH! THAT WAS CLOSE! THANKS, DICK!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT!

OBIE WINTER'S IS HUMBLE, AND GRATEFUL TO DICK FOR SAVING HIS LIFE.

I'M GOING TO TELL MAJOR FARR THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT MOLASSES, AND I'LL NEVER AGAIN PLAY ANY PRACTICAL JOKES.

...I HOPE!

LATER—  
GEE, DICK—IT SURE WAS A LUCKY THING ALL THE CADETS WENT TO THE BAZAAR TONIGHT—OTHERWISE THE WHOLE DORMITORY WOULD **AND NOW!** KNOW ABOUT THE FIRE!  
'NITE, SIMBA!

FARR

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING DICK COLE IS SUMMONED TO MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE.

CADET WINTER'S HAS CONFESSED HIS PRANK AND YOU ARE OFFICIALLY EXCUSED, DICK!

THANK YOU, SIR! CADET WINTER'S DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM, SIR. HE'S JUST THOUGHTLESS.

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! ...BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! NO MORE PRANKS FOR ME!

CADET WINTER'S IS A YOUNG, GREEN PLEBE, AND I WILL NOT PUNISH HIM!... HOWEVER, CADET COLE... FROM NOW ON YOU **WILL** BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY OF HIS SO-CALLED...ER...JOKES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, DICK AND OBIE JOIN SIMBA AND WALK DOWN THE ROAD... OFF TO A BETTER START!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR ♪ ♪ TO FARR- ♪ ♪

WELL, PERHAPS DICK IS RIGHT... OBIE **MAY** HAVE REFORMED... BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP MY EYE ON HIM JUST THE SAME!

**RIGHT!**

WE'LL ALL HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN IF WE WANT TO KEEP UP WITH

**YOUNG OBIE!**

MORE NEXT MONTH.



# The PHANTOM SUB

OFF OUR WEST COAST, SHIP SINKINGS POINT TO SPIES, AND A HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE! BUT, PATROLLING THESE WATERS IS THE PHANTOM SUB!





AFTER LEAVING THE OLD MAN  
ON SHORE ....

SLIM, REMEMBER  
THAT FOGGY SPOT  
ABOUT FIFTY MILES  
OUT? WE'RE GOING  
THERE!



SOMEHOW,  
THE PIGEON MAN,  
THAT FUNNY TOG,  
AND THE SHIP  
SINKINGS ADD  
UP TOGETHER.

HEY,  
JACK!  
LOOK!



PIGEONS!  
TWO OF 'EM,  
HEADING THIS  
WAY!

GIVE ME  
THOSE  
GLASSES!



TENSE  
WITH EX-  
CITEMENT,  
JACK  
NOTICES  
THE  
MESSAGE  
CAPSULES  
ATTACHED  
TO THE LEG  
OF EACH  
BIRD. THEY  
MUST BE  
CARRIER  
PIGEONS.



THAT BIRD'LL  
LAND ON  
THE SUB!

IT'S ACTING  
FUNNY!



HOLY SMOKE!  
SLIM, LOOK AT WHAT  
THAT ADDLE-HEADED  
BIRD WAS CARRYING!

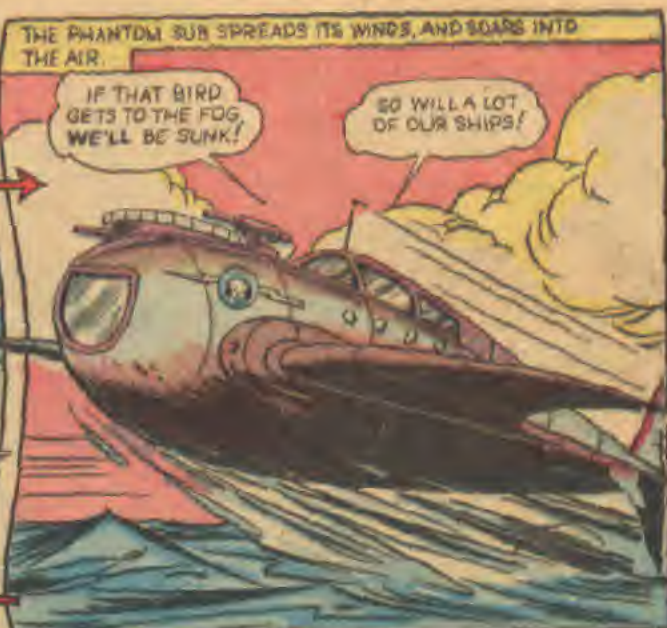
WOW!  
SPARKS IS SENDING!  
... HIS RADIO WAVES  
MUST HAVE CONFUSED  
THE BIRD!



CONVOY, FIFTEEN SHIPS  
SAILING FROM POINT G-12  
AT 4:50 COURSE-WSW  
001.













IN THE FOG OVER THE ENEMY SUB-BASE....

MAYBE TORPEDOES ARE GOOD AERIAL BOMBS, TOO. FIRE THREE OR FOUR.

THERE THEY GO, JACK!

AS THE TWO TORPEDOES STRIKE....

BOOM

SO THAT'S IT... A FLOATING ISLAND BASE. OUR TORPEDOES WRECKED THE ARTIFICIAL FOG GENERATOR!

NOW TO FIND THAT SPY NEST!

OUR CAPTIVE PIGEON SHOULD LEAD US TO THE SPIES. HOME WITH YOU, OLD BOY!

THAT'S AN IDEA!

DIAGRAM OF THE FLOATING "ISLAND"...



AFTER FOLLOWING THE BIRD TO AN ISLAND...

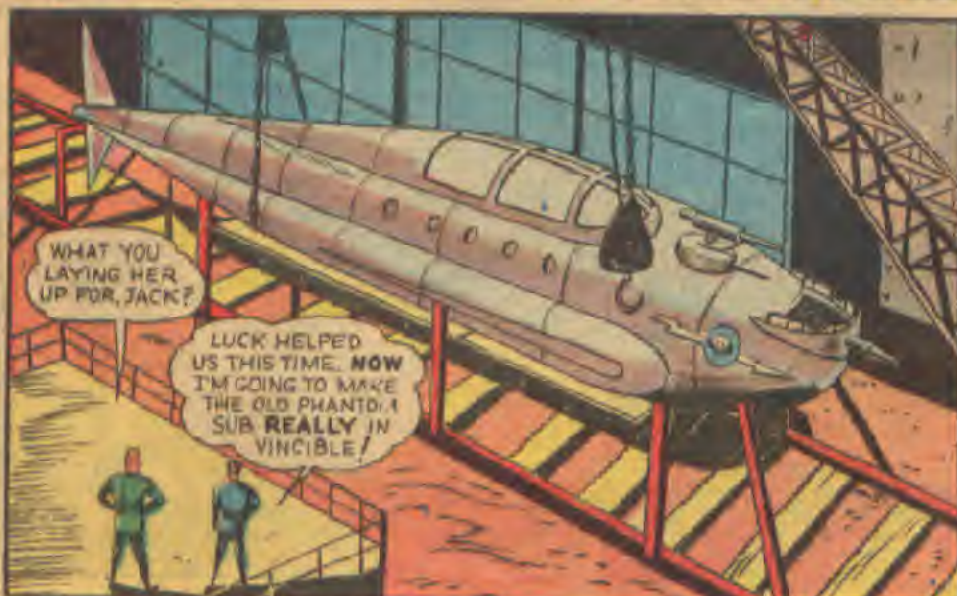
BET WE FIND OUR OLD PIGEON MAN, SLIM.

THAT'S NO BET! LET'S SNEAK UP ON THE HOUSE, JACK!

JAPS! AND THE OLD PIGEON MAN!

UP WITH YOUR HANDS, QUICK!





# WHAT IS JACK'S NEW WEAPON?

YOU'LL FIND IT IS ENOUGH TO TURN BACK AN ENTIRE INVASION FLEET!

...IN THE NEXT

**BLUE BOLT**  
COMICS!



# Sergeant SPOOK



## ? WHO IS SERGEANT SPOOK? ?

WHILE MAKING A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF SOME EVIDENCE, A SERGEANT OF THE NEW YORK POLICE WAS KILLED -- BY THE EXPLOSION OF THE CHEMICALS! EVER SINCE, WITH HIS "PSYCHIC SIDE-KICK," JERRY, THE CRIME-FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THE COP HAS CARRIED ON... BATTLING ANY AND ALL ENEMIES OF SOCIETY! THIS IS

**SERGEANT  
SPOOK!**

OH, BOY! I'LL  
HAVE TO SEE  
THAT!

**EXHIBITION  
OF  
MEDIEVAL  
ARMOR  
—  
TONIGHT**

That Evening...

I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED TO  
SEE SUITS OF ARMOR!  
--WISH I HAD ONE!



AND  
JORDAN





**BUT...**  
SCRAM, YOU!  
KIDS AREN'T  
ALLOWED IN HERE!

AWW, GEE!  
I WOULDN'T  
TOUCH  
ANYTHING!



UNDAUNTED, JERRY SLIPS AROUND TO  
THE BACK AND LOOKS FOR A WAY IN .....

DOGGONE! NOBODY'S  
KEEPIN' ME AWAY  
FROM THIS SHOW!



... AND FINDS IT!

GOLLY, WHAT A  
SPOOKY PLACE!  
--AND LOOK AT  
THOSE TIN  
CLOTHES!



SUDDENLY A VOICE SPEAKS...

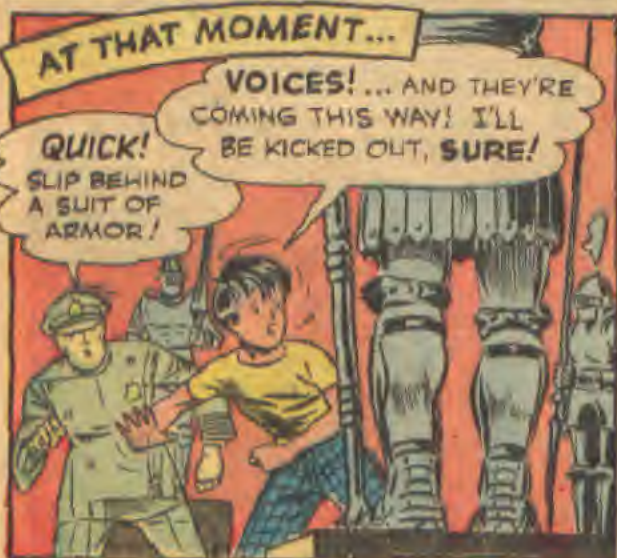
HI, KID? WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

WHAT--!  
OH, SPOOK! YOU  
SCARED ME!



LET'S LOOK  
AROUND!

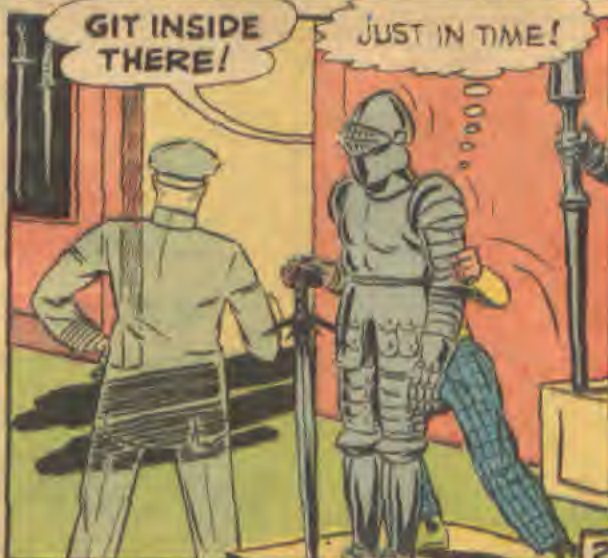
...WHAT  
STORIES  
THESE SUITS  
COULD TELL!



AT THAT MOMENT...

VOICES! ... AND THEY'RE  
COMING THIS WAY! I'LL  
BE KICKED OUT, SURE!

QUICK!  
SLIP BEHIND  
A SUIT OF  
ARMOR!



GIT INSIDE  
THERE!

JUST IN TIME!







AS THE OLD MAN LEAVES, JERRY  
CONSULTS SERGEANT SPOOK ...

WHAT SHOULD  
WE DO, SPOOK?

... WE'LL GO  
OUTSIDE AND  
FIND WHAT THAT  
TROUBLE IS THE OLD  
MAN SPOKE OF!



**Suddenly...**

A SCREAM!  
--AND FROM OVER  
THERE!

WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?

VEGODS!  
..LOOK!



IT'S THE  
OLD MAN!

I THINK I GET  
THE IDEA, JERRY!

IT'S MR.  
VAN GARN!

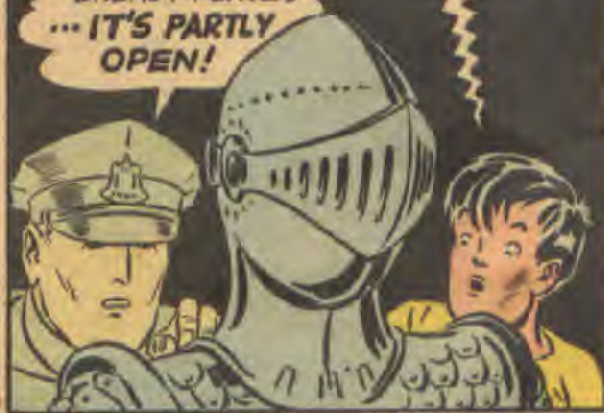
HE'S  
DEAD!



WHOEVER KILLED THE OLD BOY  
HID IN **HERE!** ... WHEN THE CROWD  
GATHERED, HE SLIPPED OUT,  
UNNOTICED!

SEE THIS  
BREAST-PLATE?  
... IT'S PARTLY  
OPEN!

GOLLY!



**JUST  
THEN--**

HEY! WHO LET  
YOU IN? I'LL WRING  
YOUR NECK!



NOW YOU'RE GOIN'  
OUT... ON YOUR HEAD!

LEGGO  
OF ME!  
... YOU STUPID  
EGGHEAD!









IMMEDIATELY, THE CROOKS  
START THEIR SEARCH...

THIS WON'T  
TAKE LONG!

AND WILL  
YOU GUYS  
BE SURPRISED  
TO SEE HOW LONG  
IT WON'T TAKE!



AS ONE CROOK COMES  
TO THE ARMOR THAT  
SERGEANT SPOOK IS IN--

I HOPE IT'S  
IN-- UGH!

STRIKE  
ONE!



WIELDING THE HEAVY MACE,  
SPOOK STARTS TO MOP UP THE  
MOB! BULLETS FLY! -- THE  
BATTLE IS ON!

THERE'S SOMEONE  
IN THERE! SHOOT  
HIM DOWN!

...NOW,  
FOR THE  
REST OF THEM!



BULLETS DON'T  
STOP HIM!

GRAB 'IM,  
SOMEBODY!



I'LL GET 'IM  
IF YOU CAN'T!

OH--  
YEAH!

ULP!  
???



THERE'S NOTHIN'  
INSIDE! HELP!!  
IT'S A GHOST!

LEMME  
OUTA  
HERE!



THEY RUN FOR AN EXIT -- AND JERRY APPEARS IN  
HIS TIN CLOTHES!

IT'S ANOTHER  
"EMPTY SUIT"!

NOW!

I'M GOIN'  
NUTS!









\*\*\* THE ARMOR'S HINGES SHATTERED BY BULLETS, IT CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!

OH, MY GORSH!  
IT WAS ALIVE!

THIS IS  
TOO MUCH!

CRASH!!!

Suddenly... ALL EYES ARE RIVETED  
ON JERRY'S SPIT MACE ON THE FLOOR...

LOOK!  
A DIAMOND!

WOW! SO THAT'S  
WHAT THEY WERE  
AFTER!

OF ALL  
PLACES TO  
HIDE IT!

THE STORY COMES OUT...

... YEAH! MR. VAN GARN  
SMUGGLED THE DIAMOND INTO THIS  
COUNTRY IN THAT WAY AND DIDN'T  
WANT TO COME ACROSS  
WITH IT, SO HE HAD TO  
BE BUMPED OFF!

LATER... ON THE WAY HOME...

BOY! WHAT A  
TIME THAT WAS!  
HEY, SPOOK?

YOU BET!

I GUESS  
I'LL LEAVE  
YOU HERE,  
JERRY!...

WHAT WILL WE  
DO NOW, HUH? ...  
SPOOK --- SPOOK!  
WHERE ARE YOU?

GREAT GUNS! --- I  
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE  
AFRAID OF THE DARK  
BECAUSE THERE WASN'T  
A GHOST AROUND!

**SERGEANT  
SPOOK**

WILL BE BACK  
AGAIN IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
WITH  
ANOTHER

**STREAMLINED  
GHOST  
STORY!**

THE  
END



# KRISKO and JASPER

HAVING BEEN RESCUED FROM A SMALL ISLAND, KRISKO AND JASPER ARE NOW SOMEWHERE ON THE OCEAN, ABOARD A TANKER (CARGO: "SAILOR'S BLOOD"—GASOLINE) --BUT THEY DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THE NICKNAME! ----

LOOK!  
SHARKS!

BROTHER...  
THEM AIN'T SHARKS!  
THEY IS TWO-MAN  
SUBMARINES!...  
AND THIS TUB IS  
GONNA BE BLOWED  
SKY-HIGH!...  
GIT READY  
TO JUMP!  
... NOW!

LITTLE  
LUTE  
THE LITTLE  
MAN THEY  
CAN'T SEE  
AT ALL!

HE'S  
RIGHT!



SWIM FAR  
AND FAST!  
GET AWAY  
FROM THIS  
TUB... GIT!



I'VE GOTTA HUNCH  
THINGS ARE ABOUT TO  
HAPPEN!

VERY MUCH DISTRESSED...  
YOU DROWN NOW! "WE  
GO SINK MORE BOATS!  
HA-HA! HA-HA!

THAT'S WHAT YOU  
THINK! YOU BILGE-  
SCUM!

LITTLE LUTE  
WITH THE BIG  
VOICE IS A  
BUSY LITTLE  
BEE -- THEY  
DON'T KNOW  
HE'S THERE,  
BUT ----

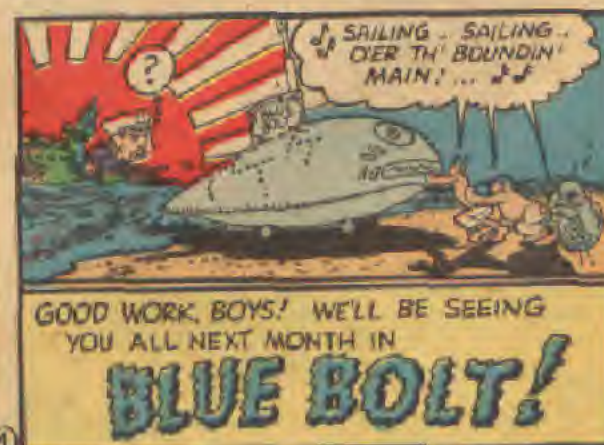
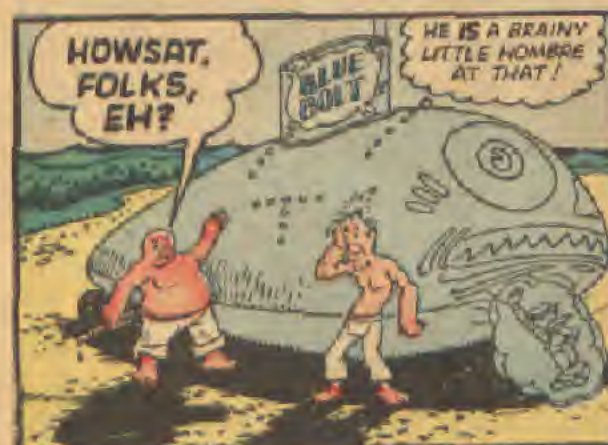
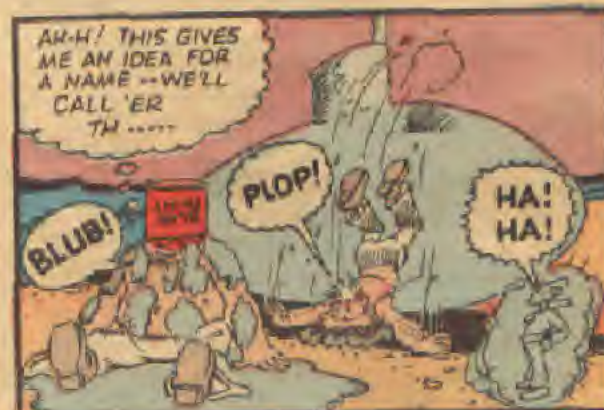
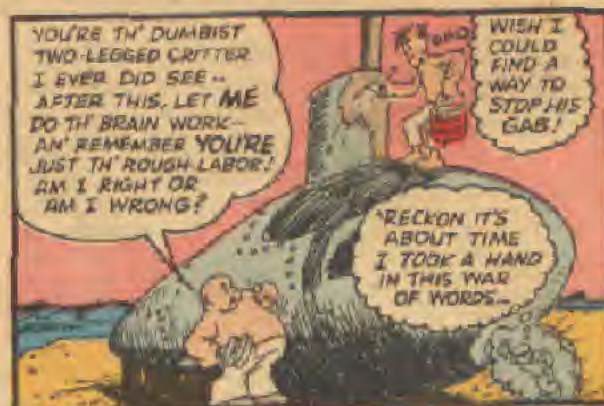
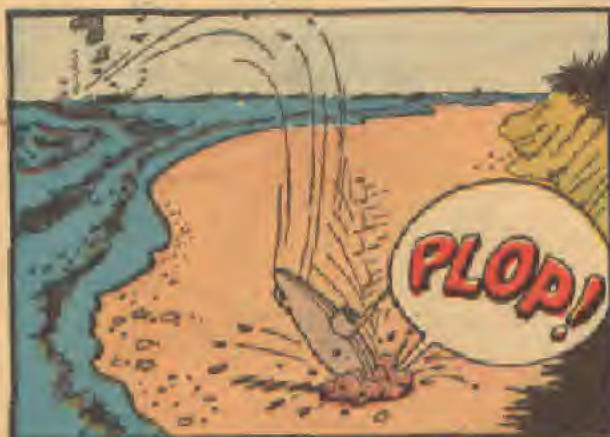


















# HAM FOR A YEGG!

**R**AIN DRIPPED steadily from the slanted roofs of houses and ran in swiftly moving streams into the sewers. Behind the yellow eyes of the building's windows, people sat at their radios listening to the latest news reports on the war overseas, and trembling at the thought that it might come over here. For, every evening at this time there came in, on a popular wavelength, a new voice, blotting out the regular program, a voice that predicted an Axis victory in a few short months, and told the great nation of the United States that if it did not surrender, Nazi bombers would be over the cities at any moment!

The voice went on. It told of dire things in store for the country, demolition of the seacoast, the war brought to America. At police headquarters and F.B.I. offices, the men ran around in circles. Try as they might, this voice could not be located. Dick Manners paced the floor with the rest. "This dirty Nazi must be operating from a moving auto. Our locators never have him in the same place twice! If we don't get busy, the newspapers will have our heads!"

"But what are we going to do?" one of the men asked. "We've tried everything, and it's no soap!"

Dick shook his head despondently. "I don't know. Something'll have to happen, that's all."

Little did they realize that something was being done . . . and not very far away, either. Teddy Conklin was a "ham" . . . an amateur radio operator, but ever since the government stopped all the hams from sending

he sat around the house wishing he could utilize his knowledge for the good of the country. And, he knew, there must be hundreds of others just like himself. It was when the voice first started broadcasting the malicious propaganda that he got his great idea.

**TEDDY KNEW EVERY** other ham within the vicinity of one hundred miles. Often, they had gotten together and discussed new ideas in radio, much to each other's benefit. So, he sat down at the telephone with a list of numbers in his hand and started calling. Several hours later he finished, and sat back with a broad smile on his face.

That night cars pulled up in front of Teddy's house bearing license plates from three states. They came in a steady stream for two hours, until the curb was lined on both sides with every make of automobile . . . jalopies and limousines. Inside, the place was a madhouse, with the men shouting "hellos" back and forth to each other. Finally Teddy restored a semblance of order and the place quieted down. Standing in the middle of the floor, Teddy addressed the whole group.

"Fellows, I got you all together because we, as Americans, have a job to do. No doubt everyone here has heard the man called the 'Voice' who cuts in on the commercial programs with a lot of dirty propaganda. Well, the police can't catch him, which means that he's operating with a moving transmitter. Now here's the payoff. None of us can use our sets to send, but we can listen! By triangulation, we can

find the immediate place the Voice sends from, and with all of us on the job, we ought to be able to narrow the field down a bit.

"Here is what we'll do. Every one of us but a certain group will remain at their stations, and when the Voice comes on locate him! Each one will have a map, so find the street the car is on and the direction in which it's heading. As soon as you do this, telephone to the man nearest that point and he'll get on the chase. The fellows with the fastest cars will hold down that end, while others will remain near telephones at various points. Are you with me?"

**A THUNDEROUS ROAR** almost took the roof off as every one of them shouted their approval of the plan. Then Teddy went about assigning the men to their various duties. Finally, when all preparations had been made, he held up his hand for quiet. "Men," he said, "there can be no loss of time! Our plan goes into action this very night . . . The Voice is due to broadcast in two hours, so get to your stations and be ready for action!"

The men jammed the door on the way out, each rushing for his car, and clutching a copy of a large map that Teddy passed out. One by one, the cars shot off, the deadline was almost at hand and a fifth columnist had to be trapped! A pack of hams going after a Nazi yegg! But what hams! Each fired with enthusiasm and the will to do something for the country. And they were mad; sore at the fact that the enemy believed this country stupid enough to swallow the stuff it handed out. Well,

**By SPILLANE**



they would soon find out just how stupid they were . . . stupid as a fox, maybe!

As the autos shot off, Teddy got his own group together. "Men," he said, "we're covering a section about a mile from here. I've done a little detecting on the side before this, and apparently the Voice is operating somewhere from this neighborhood." He pointed out a position on the map with a pencil. "Perhaps he'll operate from a new position, but he usually works one section about a week at a time, and this will be but the third day. Now hit for the spots and don't spare the horses!"

One of the men grinned. "I hope I get him! I've always wanted a crack at a real Nazi!" He patted his .22 rifle significantly. Teddy gave a short laugh.

"IT'S TEN TO ONE the other boys will lug along their guns too. Only remember this. We want that guy alive to hang up as an example, so just grab him . . . don't shoot him!"

"Shucks, I wanted to plug him!" the other fellow said, his face falling. Teddy glanced at his watch.

"Come on, men, it's time to go. Stay next to your car radios so you can catch the broadcast. As soon as he is located, the position will be phoned to the closest spot, then be on the lookout for any suspicious looking autos or trucks!" The little group went out and piled into four cars. Radios were tuned in on the station that usually was interrupted, and cars were ready to catch every word.

Fifteen minutes later Teddy pulled up to his station on the corner of two busy streets, and stopped outside a drug store. A block away he saw another of the cars. He pulled down the back seat and took out a .30 rifle, jacked a shell into the chamber and sat back to wait. It wasn't

long, however. The station suddenly went off and a deep voice came on. *This was it!* The Voice droned on, warning of terrible things to come. It told the people to stop the war . . . surrender. Teddy smiled mirthlessly.

He ducked out and ran into the drug store and stayed near the phone. Outside of himself and the clerks, the place was empty. Then it came. The phone rang shrilly, and Teddy grabbed it. "Teddy speaking, go ahead."

"This is Al. Sounds like the sending set is moving south on Main Street. Not going fast as far as we can tell. Hop to it, boy!"

"Right!" Ted hung up quickly. He ran to the car, flipped the lights on three times to signal to two other cars that could see him, and peered down Main Street. And there it was, the only car on the block . . . a huge moving van going about thirty. Again Ted's lights went on and off. The other two cars pulled ahead to intercept the van. But the men in the truck recognized it as a signal!

Abruptly, the Voice went off! The van sped forward. With a grinding of gears, Ted tried to cut it off, but he was too late. The van passed by, then out of the tail came the spitting of guns! Bullet holes jumped into his windshield and ripped through the fenders! Ted ducked low behind the wheel and took up the chase. The other cars caught what happened and fell in behind him.

It was a mad chase! The van twisted and turned through the streets, narrowly missing parked cars. Pedestrians screamed as bullets whined through the air. In no time, they reached the outskirts of the city and were tearing into the suburbs. If the van got much further it would make its escape. That couldn't happen! Ted hefted the rifle with one hand and steadied it against the window frame . . . the barrel jut-

ting through a hole made by a Nazi bullet!

WHAM! The gun bucked in his hand! . . . And a man fell out of the back of the truck. A lucky shot! Again rifles spat from the dark blob that was the truck, and shots screamed by. Ted knew that sooner or later they wouldn't miss. Suddenly the other cars were alongside. Jack motioned to throw a strong fire at the truck. Ted nodded.

Rifles came up and leveled at the van. Ted tried to aim at the tires. Suddenly the three guns let go with a tremendous roar. Immediately fresh shells went in. Again they blasted . . . and the truck ahead swerved sharply. They got a tire! It swung all over the road . . . then veered to one side. A steel telephone pole was in the way. A rending crash split the night; brakes squealed as the cars stopped.

Guns ready, the young men piled out and tore for the van. It was a mess. Groans came from inside. Teddy ripped off the covering and crawled in. From the looks of things they would give no trouble. One distinguished-looking man, a prominent figure in the newspapers was trapped under a huge generator. Ted let out a low whistle. The other men came in and they dragged out the Nazis.

THE NEXT DAY the headlines screamed out the story. How American youth rallied to beat off a vicious propaganda attack. Everyone of the group was covered with glory. Teddy leaned back in his seat and sighed. To no one in particular, he said, "After all that action, plain living is too dull! Me for the Signal Corps where I can do a little sending again . . . instead of just listening!" Funny thing, but at that moment there were about fifty other guys thinking the same thing!

THE END



The

WHITE RIDER

AND

# SUPER HORSE

GIVE ME  
MY BOOTS AND  
SADDLE.

**T**HE WHITE RIDER  
AND SUPERHORSE ARE  
TAKING A BRIEF VACATION,  
AFTER ROUNDING UP A  
GANG OF KILLERS FOR  
THE TEXAS RANGERS!  
BUT— UNKNOWN TO THEM,  
A HORSEMAN APPROACHES...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE  
GOING TO HAVE  
COMPANY FOR  
SUPPER, CLOUD.

DON'T LET THEM  
TAKE ME, MISTER.  
I DIDN'T KILL  
MR. BADGER!

THIS  
SOUNDS  
SERIOUS!

THAT'S CLYDE COLLIN  
AND THE SHERIFF COMIN'  
TO GIT ME... HIDE ME...  
PLEASE!

I DON'T  
KNOW THAT I  
SHOULD HIDE  
YOU, BUT—















THE POSSE REACHES THE CABIN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION!



HOLD YOUR GUNS!  
I'M HERE TO MAKE  
A DEAL WITH YOU YOU  
GIVE ME A CUT IN THE  
MONEY AND I GIVE  
YOU THE KID!



NOW, YORE TALKIN' SENSE! YUH  
DID A GOOD JOB, MISTER, SO  
YUH CAN HAVE MY SHARE  
OF THE MONEY!



THAT'S GREAT!  
BUT WHAT ARE  
YOU GETTING  
OUT OF THIS?

YOU'RE ONE OF US  
NOW, SO I CAN TELL YUH.  
THIS MONEY IS ONLY  
CHICKEN FEED TO ME...  
MY UNCLE LEFT ME THE  
CIRCLE-A RANCH IN HIS WILL!  
HEH-HEH!



THAT'S ALL I WANTED  
TO KNOW! BILLY,  
GET THEIR GUNS!

WHY--YOU  
DOUBLE-  
CROSSIN'--!



COLLIN REACHES QUICKLY FOR HIS GUN,  
BUT THE NEXT INSTANT IT IS SHOT FLYING  
FROM HIS HAND!

DON'T... I'LL  
GIVE UP!



IN COMES THE SHERIFF...

I HEARD EVERYTHING FROM  
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!  
COLLIN WILL STRETCH  
A ROPE FOR THIS!



THET FELLER AND  
HIS HOSS PROVED YOUR  
INNOCENCE, BILLY!

GOOD BYE,  
FRIENDS!



BUY U.S.  
DEFENSE  
STAMPS

The  
White Rider  
and Superhorse

FIGHT FOR THE TEXAS  
RANGERS AGAIN--  
IN NEXT MONTH'S

**BLUE BOLT!**

... AND THE WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD MOVE ON IN SEARCH  
OF MORE FAST-TRIGGERED ACTION...!



# SUB-ZERO

LITTLE PUNKS!

HA-HA!  
WE GOT  
JAPUM  
COMIN'  
AND  
GOIN'!

IT'S A CASE OF  
MISTAKEN IDENTITY!  
... BUT FREEZUM,  
WITH SUB-ZERO'S HELP,  
TURNS IT INTO A  
RIP-SNORTING  
ADVENTURE! READ ON...

I HAVE  
BUSINESS  
INSIDE,  
FREEZUM!  
YOU WAIT HERE  
UNTIL I COME  
OUT!

OKAY,  
BOSSUM!  
ME NO  
MOVE  
AT ALL!

HARDLY A MOMENT LATER...

HEY! THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
JAP!

TAKE  
'IM  
ALONG!

WHAT  
THISSUM?  
--JAPS?

IT'S THE ROUND-UP OF JAPS--  
FREEZUM PROTESTS LOUDLY,  
BUT TO NO AVAIL!

ME  
TELLUM YOU  
ME NO JAP!  
--DOGGONE  
INSULTUM!

HE LOOKS  
LIKE ONE,  
ALL RIGHT!  
HUSTLE  
HIM INTO  
VAN!



IN A FEW MOMENTS, FREEZUM  
IS PUT ABOARD THE VAN ...

LET'S GO! HE'S  
THE LAST ONE  
AROUND HERE!

ME MAD!  
THIS ONE BIG  
MISTAKUM!

... AND HE IS TAKEN TO A TEMPORARY  
CONCENTRATION CAMP ...

INSIDE, ALL OF YOU!  
IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T  
TELL WHICH ARE SPIES  
AND WHICH ARE  
LOYAL AMERICANS!

HA! ME GOTTUM  
PLAN. MAYBE CAN  
SPY ON JAPS  
IN HERE!

Inside...

AH, LITTLE  
BOY! COME  
WITH ME,  
PLEASE!

GOOD!

WONDER  
WHAT'S  
UPPUM!

THAT EVENING, A RATTY JAP ASSUMES  
LEADERSHIP OF A FEW OF THE GROUP  
AND CALLS A MEETING...

DO NOT WORRY,  
FRIENDS! SHORTLY, OUR  
EMPEROR'S PLANES WILL  
ATTACK HERE AND  
FREE US!

WOW! ME  
GOTTUM GET  
IN TOUCH  
WITH  
SUB-ZERO  
SOON!

THE JAP GOES ON...

DYNAMITE WILL  
BE DROPPED TO US  
-- GRAB IT AND  
SABOTAGE  
EVERYTHING  
YOU CAN!



**That Night...** WHILE THE REST SLEEP, **FREEZUM** SLIPS TOWARD THE GUARD'S RADIO SHACK!

ME FINDUM WAY TO GET **SUB-ZERO** HERE!



UNABLE TO CLIMB THE BARRICADE, **FREEZUM** SPOTS THE GUARD -- THEN -----

AH! GOTTUM GOOD! SORRY, BUT MUST DO!



... AND, WITH THE GUARD FROZEN STIFF, **FREEZUM** SENDS A SERIES OF COLD BLASTS AT THE SENDING-KEY ...

LUCKY I KNOWUM CODE -- HOPE I REACHUM MY FRIEND!



**Meanwhile** ... AT HOME, **SUB-ZERO** IDLY TWISTS THE SHORT WAVE DIAL -- SUDDENLY! --

"CALLING **SUB-ZERO**... CALL -- -- --"

WHAT'S THIS? A MORSE CODE CALL FOR ME!



"-- AT JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP. COME AT ONCE!"

I'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY!



TEARING DOWNSTAIRS, **SUB-ZERO** HAILS A CAB ...

TO THE JAP CAMP! STEP ON THE GAS!

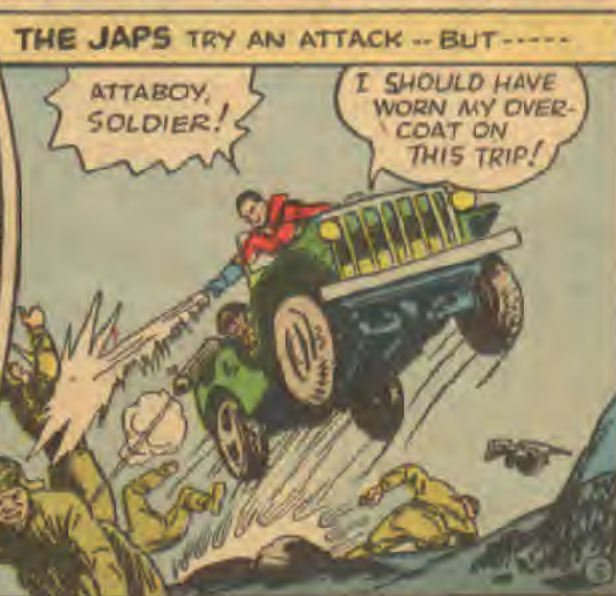
RIGHT! HANG ON TO YOUR HEAD!













A JAP PLANE DIVES AT THE JEEP! .....



... AND THE PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES!



SUB-ZERO'S ICE-COATING PROTECTS HIM!...

AND SUB-ZERO FINDS THE UNCONSCIOUS FREEZUM BESIDE THE SHACK ----





THE LEADER AIMS THE GUN ... THEN ---



NOT TO WORRY,  
PLEASE! ME AMERICAN  
JAP --- RISING SUN,  
**PHOOEY!**



TOGETHER, THE THREE START TO DASH  
OFF, THEN STOP SHORT -- FOR ----



HOLY  
SMOKE!  
A  
CIVILIAN  
ARMY!

WE  
AMERICANS  
GOOD  
FIGHTERS!

LOOKUM!  
USING  
PITCHFORKS,  
TOO!

THE CIVILIAN ARMY MEN RUSH  
THE JAPS INTO THE CAMP!



I'LL HAVE  
TO FIX THIS  
PLACE UP  
A BIT!

ME  
HELP  
YOU!

OVERHEAD, ARMY PLANES  
POLISH OFF THE JAP PLANES --  
JUST AS THE SOLDIERS CAME UP!



HERE COME  
THE SOLDIERS!  
--ALL SETTUM  
NOW!

PLEASE, I  
GO JOIN  
ARMY!

GOOD!  
LET'S GET  
THAT  
FENCE  
FIXED!

QUICKLY, **SUB-ZERO** FILLS  
THE GAPS IN THE FENCE WITH ICICLES!



WELL, WILL  
YA LOOK AT  
THAT!

THAT'LL HOLD  
'EM  
AWHILE!

WITH THE ENEMY SAFELY  
TUCKED AWAY, **SUB-ZERO**  
AND **FREEZUM** MEET THE  
COMMANDING OFFICER ...



A SWELL  
JOB, BOYS!

THANK THE  
AMERICAN  
JAPS, TOO!

YEAH!  
SOME  
FINE  
FELLOWS!

**SUB-ZERO**

WILL BE BACK WITH  
ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED  
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT  
**BLUE BOLT!**



# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES



OLD CAP HAWKINS IS TELLING HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, OF THE FIGHTING OUTFITS OF THIS COUNTRY. THE **NINETY-FOURTH'S** SLOGAN -- TAKEN FROM AN OLD POLITICAL SLOGAN -- MEANS:

**"I'M READY TO FIGHT!"**

JOEY, IN THE LAST WAR, THE **94TH** WAS ONE OF THE SCRAPPIEST SQUADRONS IN THE AIR, AND NOW THEIR **HAT'S IN THE RING AGAIN!**



AND THEIR LEADER WAS **Captain "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER** ...ACE OF ACES!



BEFORE 1917, "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER, DESTINED TO BE A GREAT ACE, BARNSTORMED WITH A DAREDEVIL GROUP OF RACING DRIVERS --- CHEATING DEATH AT EVERY TURN!



THEN --- APRIL 6, 1917, NEWSPAPERS SCREAMED OUT THE GREATEST EVENT IN CENTURIES! ...



RICKENBACKER'S MY NAME! I'M A RACING DRIVER. I'D LIKE TO SIGN UP!

SWELL! A DRIVER, EH? WE HAVE JUST THE SPOT FOR YOU!



AND "EDDIE" BECAME A SERGEANT --- ACTING ON THE STAFF THAT DROVE GENERAL PERSHING'S CAR!



MAN ALIVE! LOOK AT THOSE PLANES! THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!



SO "EDDIE" WENT TO AIR SCHOOL, AND IN A SHORT TIME HE MASTERED IT PERFECTLY!





BEFORE LONG, RICKENBACKER EARNED A CAPTAINCY, AND THE LEADERSHIP OF THE 94th -- HAT-IN-THE-RING -- SQUADRON WAS HIS!

OUR FLIGHT WILL TAKE US OVER THIS AREA. WE SHOULD CONTACT THE ENEMY ABOUT HERE!

HOT DOG! TWO MORE AND I'M AN ACE!

... AND OFF THEY WENT TO FEED HOT LEAD TO THE HUNS!

POUR THE JUICE TO 'ER, BOYS!

A FEW MINUTES' HARD FLYING, THEN -- AN ENEMY FLIGHT!

THERE THEY ARE! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

DONNER-WETTER! RICKENBACKER'S SQUADRON!

BOTH SIDES MIXED IT UP FURIOUSLY, BUT THE GERMANS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE AMERICANS!

A SUCCESSFUL ENCOUNTER! -- AND THE FLIGHT LANDS TO REFUEL AND REST UP!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! NOW FOR HOME AND HOT COFFEE!



WITH THE CLOSE OF THE WORLD WAR, RICKENBACKER HAD A TOTAL OF TWENTY FIVE VICTORIES! HE WAS DECORATED WITH THE HIGHEST HONORS OF THREE COUNTRIES!

YOUR COUNTRY IS PROUD OF YOU, CAPTAIN!

THANK YOU, SIR!

RETURNING TO CIVILIAN LIFE... "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER ENTERED THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. HOWEVER, FLYING WAS IN HIS BLOOD, AND HE COULDN'T SHAKE IT LOOSE, SO HE ACCEPTED A POSITION WITH EASTERN AIR LINES...

IT CERTAINLY IS GREAT TO BE BACK! THIS IS THE JOB FOR ME!

THINGS OUGHT TO HUM AROUND HERE NOW!

THEN ... DECEMBER 7, 1941 ... JAPAN ATTACKS AT PEARL HARBOR!

THIS IS IT! WE'VE GOT A JOB AHEAD -- THEY STARTED IT, BUT WE'LL FINISH IT!

AND "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER IS ELECTED HONORARY COMMANDER OF THE 57th SQUADRON ... HIS OLD OUTFIT REORGANIZED AND BROUGHT UP TO DATE!

ED, THIS INSIGNIA MAKES YOU ONE OF US! **OUR HAT'S IN THE RING AGAIN!** AND WE'LL TRY TO KEEP UP THE TRADITIONS OF THE SQUADRON!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT!





# GILSON BELL

IT'S GETTING  
PRETTY ROUGH,  
JERRY!

WOW! LOOK  
AT THOSE CLOUDS!  
WE'D BETTER  
HIT FOR  
SHORE!

TAKING A LAST CRACK AT SAILING  
BEFORE THE WEATHER GETS TOO  
BAD, EDDIE AND JERRY FIND  
THEY HAVE SAILED RIGHT SMACK  
INTO A DIFFERENT KIND OF  
STORM FROM THE ONE EXPECTED!

★ BY RAY GILL AND HAROLD DELAY ★

WE'D BETTER  
SAIL FOR THAT  
OLD LIGHTHOUSE  
--WE CAN'T MAKE  
IT BACK TO OUR  
DOCK NOW!

OKAY! BUT,  
MAKE IT  
QUICK!  
WE'RE  
FILLING  
UP!

THE SMALL BOAT ALMOST FILLED,  
THEY JUST MAKE IT TO THE  
SMALL ISLAND WHEN THE FULL  
FURY OF THE STORM BREAKS.

HURRY!  
I AM  
HURRYING!

BOY!  
I'M  
SOAKED  
THROUGH!

RIGHT! IT'S A  
LONG SWIM  
HOME! THE BOAT'LL  
BE SAFE BEHIND  
THE LIGHTHOUSE  
HERE!  
--INSIDE  
NOW!





I KNOW WHAT THIS PLACE IS! THE COAST GUARD BLASTED THE ROCKS THIS LIGHTHOUSE WAS GUARDING!

I GET IT!-- THEN THEY ABANDONED IT!



THE BOYS EXPLORE THE GHOSTLY INTERIOR---

BOY! WHAT A BACKGROUND FOR A MURDER!

YEAH! BRRR!



ARRIVING AT THE TOP, THEY FIND THE OLD LIGHT GONE, BUT EVERYTHING ELSE AS IT WAS! ...

GEE! IT'S KINDA SPOOKY IN HERE, ALL RIGHT!

WISH THE OLD LIGHT WAS STILL HERE, IT'S LIKE DEATH WITHOUT IT!



STAYING IN THE WINDOWED TOP TILL THE STORM BEGINS TO ABATE, THE BOYS REALIZE IT IS ALMOST NIGHT.

THE STORM'S ALMOST OVER-- BUT LOOK!

YEAH! IT'S GETTING DARK! COME ON! WE'D BETTER START BACK



HALF WAY DOWN THE STEPS, THEY STOP SHORT!--

WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR BOAT!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK-- DOUSE YOUR LIGHT!



IT IS! WE'D BETTER HIDE! IF IT'S THE COAST GUARD AND WE'RE TRESPASSING-- OH-OH! HURRY DOWNSTAIRS!



THEY HEAR THE MOTOR BOAT STOP-- AND THE RASPY SOUND OF HARD SHOES ON THE ROCKS OUTSIDE-- COMING NEARER!

COME UP WITH ME, KARL!



STAND GUARD AT THE DOOR! MACH SCHNELL!

YA!



THE UNMISTAKABLY GUTTERAL VOICES TELL A BIG STORY!

NAZIS!

OMIGOSH!







AT JERRY'S CALL, THE STARTLED NAZIS ALMOST KNOCK EACH OTHER OVER TO GET TO THE STAIRS!



BUT, AS THEY START DOWN THE HIGH, WINDING STEPS, EDDIE'S HAND REACHES OUT! ...



...AND TRIPS THEM!



DOWN THEY GO!



THEY'RE OUT COLD!



IN THE TOP ONCE MORE, THE BOYS CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN...



JUST WATCH!

OH! I GET IT!



WOW! IT'S HOT! BUT PLENTY BRIGHT!



THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF THE BRILLIANTLY-LIGHTED OLD BEACON ATTRACTS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!





THE CUTTER PULLS UP TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AND COAST GUARDSMEN JUMP ASHORE...

TAKE COVER, MEN!

HEY! LOOK WHAT I FOUND-- A HEINIE! HE'S BEEN KONKED! WE'VE GOT A FRIEND HERE SOMEWHERE!

THE NAZIS ARE ROUNDED UP--AND EDDIE AND JERRY ARE BROUGHT DOWN...

LOOK, CAPTAIN,--KIDS!

STAND UP, PUNKS!

WELL--! FOR--

THE BOYS TELL THEIR STORY AS THEY HEAD FOR THE CUTTER.

...THEN YOU CAME... THAT'S IT!

FINE WORK! GET ABOARD--WE'VE GOT YOUR BOAT IN TOW--AND WE'LL SEE THAT THAT U-BOAT DOESN'T DO ANY MORE HARM!

GET THE DEPTH CHARGES READY!

RIGHT, SIR!

HOT DOG!

AT THE APPROXIMATE SPOT, THE CUTTER'S Y-GUN HURLS TWO CHARGES--AND WATER SPOUTS INTO THE AIR!

BOOM!

BOOM!

IF THAT U-BOAT IS ANYWHERE NEAR, SHE'S A GONER!

TURN ABOUT!--WE'LL CHECK ON IT!

THERE'S THE TELL-TALE SPOT OF OIL--WE GOT HER!

HURRAY! NOW WE'LL DROP YOU LADS AT YOUR HOME DOCK!

SO LONG!

WELL, BOYS, WE'RE INDEBTED TO YOU... THANKS!

GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SOME HELP... YOUR JOB IS A BIG ONE. I KNOW!

GOSH!--IT'S LATE! WHAT'LL I TELL MOM?

TELL HER THE TRUTH, OF COURSE!

SURE, BUT SHE'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME!

EDDIE AND JERRY WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!





# Make EDISON BELL'S LIGHTHOUSE NIGHT LAMP

ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS SWELL LIGHTHOUSE NIGHT LAMP IS A LENGTH OF TIN, OR THIN COPPER, TUBING ABOUT THREE INCHES IN DIAMETER, A FEW PIECES OF WHITE PINE, SOME WINDOW SCREEN, AND PLASTER OF PARIS!...

A SMALLER TUBE, ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, SOCKET AND WIRE COMPLETE THE LIST OF MATERIALS NEEDED.

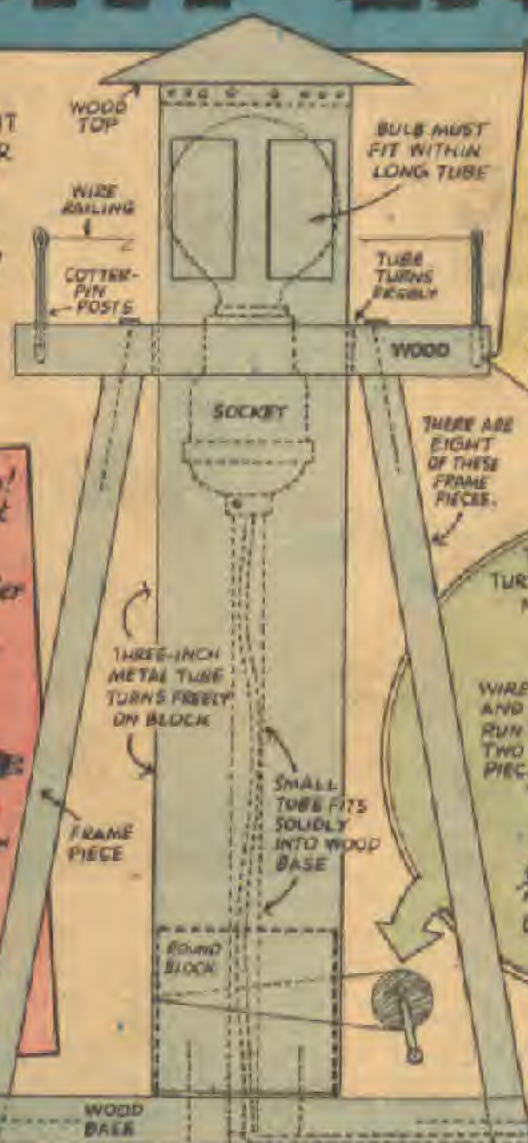
HERE'S how it looks set up! The open patch on the right is to show you how the



CUT DOOR AND WINDOWS BEFORE PLASTER DRIES SOLID.

TO LIGHT, PLUG INTO WALL SOCKET. IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT, PUT A SWITCH ON WIRE.

NAIL PIECES TOGETHER



Assemble the Lamp as shown in large sketch... THE FRAME IS MADE OF WOOD AND IS LATER COVERED WITH WIRE SCREEN AND COATED WITH PLASTER OF PARIS. SIMPLE DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE PLASTER ARE ON THE PACKAGE YOU BUY. THE THREE-INCH TUBE, WITH HOLES IN THE TOP FOR THE LIGHT, IS MOVABLE... IT TURNS!



PLATFORM PIECE

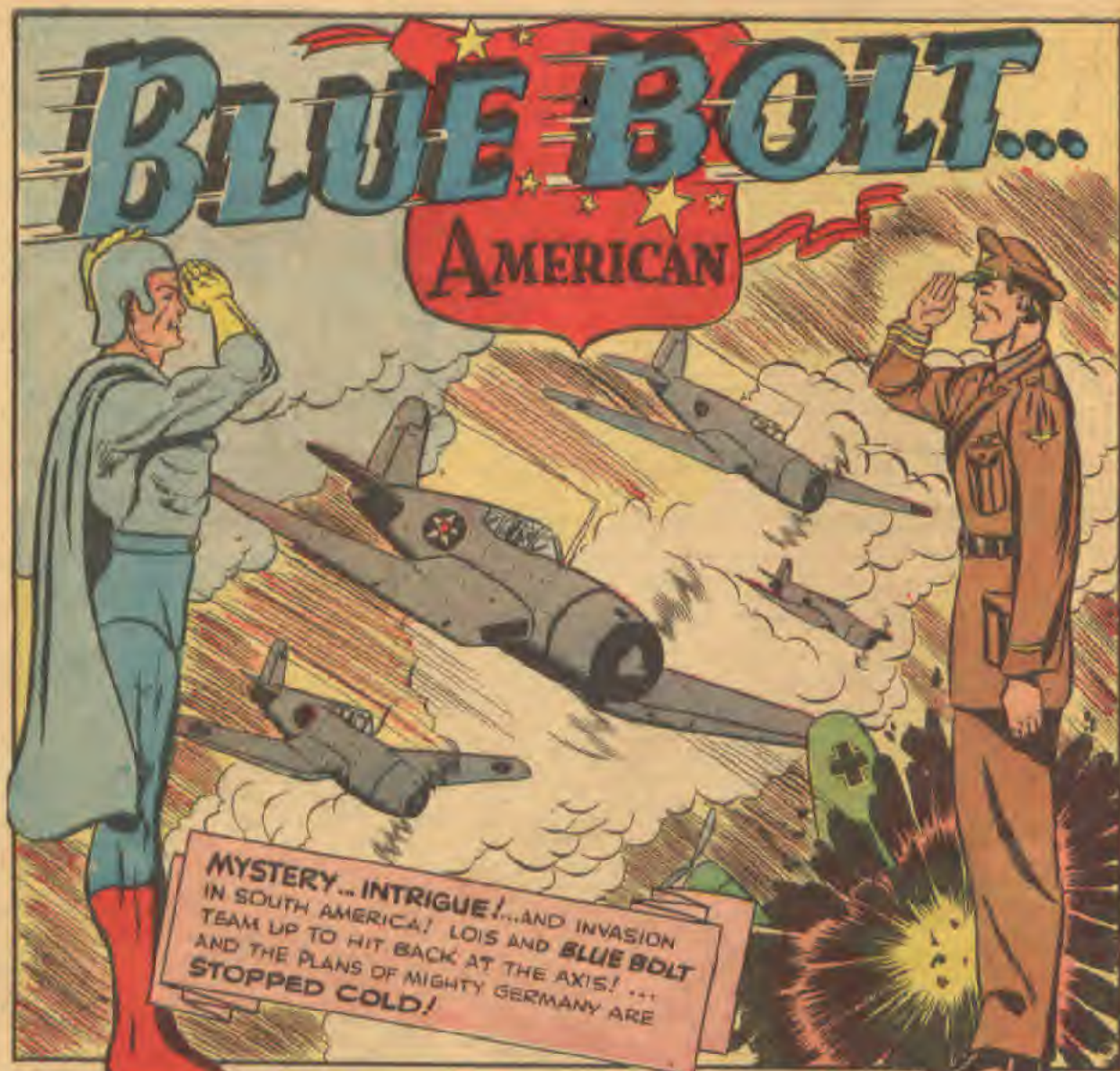


CUT THE WOOD BASE AND PLATFORM PIECE WITH A COPING SAW (SMALL). NOTCH THE BASE FOR THE SIDE FRAME PIECES -- BUT NOT PLATFORM -- PIECES ARE NAILED TO UNDERSIDE OF THIS.

This unique lamp will be a colorful addition to your room or den!  
Let's make it!







**IN NO TIME, BLUE BOLT** PASSES HIS TESTS-- AND HE IS OFF FOR HIS BASE!

THE DAY HE LEAVES, LOIS SEES HIM OFF AT THE STATION!







**NATAL, BRAZIL** -- A SCANT 1,800 MILES FROM DAKAR, THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE FOR AN AXIS INVASION ATTEMPT! AND TO NATAL **BLUE BOLT** IS SENT WITH HIS UNIT TO AWAIT THE NAZI THRUST!...

THEN, ONE EVENING, **BLUE BOLT** GOES TO A LARGE CASINO, SEEKING ENTERTAINMENT...

BOY! HERE'S WHERE I WRAP MYSELF AROUND A JUICY STEAK!



Inside, DURING HIS MEAL, **BLUE BOLT** LOOKS UP IN AMAZEMENT, FOR DANCING ON THE FLOOR IS...

LOIS! GOSH! WHAT THE DICKENS IS SHE DOING HERE?

...AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, LOIS SPOTS **BLUE BOLT**!

BOLTIE! AM I GLAD TO SEE HIM!



AFTER HER NUMBER... LOIS STROLLS OVER TO HIS TABLE ----



WHY... COUSIN LOOIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HUH?... OH, JUST HANGING AROUND -- HA-HA! SIT DOWN, COUSIN!

BUT... AS LOIS TALKS, HER HAND IS BUSY SCRATCHING ON THE TABLE WITH A PIN...



HOW'S THE FARM? YOU MUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

I DON'T GET THIS, AT ALL!





THERE, BOLDLY OUTLINED ON THE TABLE'S SURFACE ----



**BLUE BOLT** LOOKS UP... LOIS IS NOT IN THE NEXT NUMBER!



**BLUE BOLT** DASHES TO THE REAR ENTRANCE THROUGH THE KITCHEN, BOWLING OVER THE COOKS IN HIS MAD RUSH! ...



AND OUTSIDE...





**BLUE BOLT TEARS TOWARD THE CAR!**

GET GOING! THAT PUNK'S RIGHT BEHIND US!



**BUT... THE CAR PULLS AWAY BEFORE HE CAN GET NEAR IT!**

NO USE! I'LL NEVER GET THEM NOW!



**BLUE BOLT PULLS UP SHORT... THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT, HE TAKES IN THE ENTIRE SCENE...**



WAIT A MINUTE! WITH THIS SET-UP I CAN CUT THEM OFF EASILY!

**IN A DARING ATTEMPT TO CUT OFF THE CAR, BLUE BOLT RUNS TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE AND DIVES---**

LADY LUCK! STAY WITH ME!



**POWERFUL STROKES CARRY HIM TO THE OTHER SIDE. THEN---**

HERE THEY COME! AND THAT BOULDER UP THERE GIVES ME AN IDEA!



**SCRAMBLING UP THE EMBANKMENT, BLUE BOLT GIVES THE HUGE BOULDER A SHOVE---**

WILL THOSE GUYS BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY SEE THIS!





THE BOULDER STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD! THE CAR BRAKES, SWERVES--BUT--

LOOK OUT!  
WE'RE GONNA  
HIT IT!

AS THE MEN COME OUT,  
BLUE BOLT DIVES IN!

THIS IS THE  
END OF THE  
LINE FOR YOU  
MUGS!

WHAT  
TH--?

COME  
AND GET  
IT!

OOOH!

I'LL  
BREAK  
YOUR  
NECK!

BOTH MEN GO DOWN  
UNDER BLUE BOLT'S  
MIGHTY FISTS!

THROW THEM IN  
THE CAR! QUICKLY!  
WE'VE NO TIME  
TO WASTE!

STRIKE  
THREE!  
YOU'RE  
OUT!

THESE  
MEN ARE  
SPIES,  
BOLTIE!

WELL, WHAT  
ARE YOU  
MESSING  
AROUND  
WITH THEM  
FOR?

HOPPING IN THE CAR WITH THE  
UNCONSCIOUS MEN IN THE BACK,  
BLUE BOLT HEADS TOWARD  
THE WATERFRONT.

WHAT'S  
ALL THIS,  
LOIS?

I JOINED THE F.B.I.  
AND WAS SENT TO  
FOLLOW THOSE MEN.  
I HEARD THEM  
SAY NAZI  
PLANES FROM  
DAKAR WILL  
ATTACK HERE  
TONIGHT!



REACHING THE NAVAL BASE,  
**BLUE BOLT** PULLS UP IN  
FRONT OF AN M.P. STATION...



THEN ... **BLUE BOLT** RACES FOR AN  
AIRCRAFT CARRIER AT THE DOCK .....





WITH POWERFUL MOTORS THROBBING,  
THE FLIGHT ROARS INTO THE DAWN ---



...AND MEETS THE ENEMY AT  
20,000 FEET! A FURIOUS  
BATTLE RAGES -----



...WITH PLANES OF BOTH SIDES  
GOING DOWN IN FLAMES!



YOU'LL NEVER TRY  
ANOTHER STUNT  
LIKE THIS!



BOMBERS THAT SLIP THROUGH, FIND A  
DEADLY BARRAGE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT  
FIRE WAITING FOR THEM -----



OKAY, BOYS!  
BACK TO THE  
CARRIER!





...AND AT THAT MOMENT, **BLUE BOLT** SENDS A BURST INTO THE LAST NAZI!



BACK TO NATAL AGAIN ... RETURNING VICTORIOUS AGAINST THE FOE!



THE SQUADRON LANDS AT THE NAVAL FIELD NEAR THE WATERFRONT .....



**BLUE BOLT!**  
YOU'RE SAFE,  
THANK GOODNESS!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

WE BLASTED  
'EM ALL TO  
KINGDOM  
COME!



CAN'T WASTE  
TIME ... GOTTA SAY  
SO LONG! THIS  
JOB'S DONE, AND  
NOW I HAVE  
TO GET ON  
ANOTHER!

?



BEFORE **BLUE BOLT** CAN ANSWER,  
LOIS HOPS INTO AN OFFICIAL CAR,  
AND SPEEDS AWAY!

SEE YOU  
SOMETIME,  
**BOLTIE!**  
TAKE IT  
EASY!

HELLO! GOODBYE!  
WHAT A  
WOMAN!



**WHO'S  
CHASING  
WHO?**

...WHAT NEW  
ADVENTURE  
LIES AHEAD  
FOR THIS  
ACTION-LOVING  
PAIR?  
....MORE  
IN THE  
NEXT  
**BLUE BOLT!**







**DICK COLE · EDISON BELL · CADET · DAN'L FLANNEL**

# 4 MOST

# comics

**MOST**

A **FOR**TUNE IN ENTER★

**FOUR  
FEATURES  
FOR  
YOU!**

**FOR** MIDABLE  
PLOTS

**FOREMOST ACTION!**

BE AMONG THE  
**FORTUNATE!**

STORIES  
YOU WILL  
NEVER  
FORGET!

DICK COLE

AMERICA'S  
REAL HERO!



HE'S  
TOPS!

DON'T MISS  
DICK AND SIMBA  
IN THE MYSTERY  
OF THE  
**TOTEM'S EYES!**  
AN ALASKAN  
ADVENTURE!

**SUMMER  
ISSUE**

featuring:



taken from the  
most popular characters  
in your  
**FAVORITE COMICS!**



WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT  
RETURNED BY  
POPULAR DEMAND!



**KING  
OF THEM  
ALL!**

ENT THIS 4 MOST MAGAZINE!

**WOW!**

WAIT TILL  
YOU READ

## EDISON BELL!



FAST ACTION! HUMAN INTEREST!  
...PLUS SIX GADGETS FOR YOU!

AND KIT CARTER THE  
**CADET**



YESSIR! KIT SNAPS INTO ONE OF HIS FASTEST YARNS THIS TIME!

# EXTRA!

## MEET...



**DAN'T FLANNEL!**

...YOU'LL LIKE THIS SOLID  
CITIZEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI...  
AND HIS **MANY FRIENDS!**

GET **YOUR** COPY  
OF

# 4 MOST

**NOW! NOW! NOW!**

---WE WOULDN'T WANT  
YOU TO MISS THIS BIG  
ISSUE! ... IT'S ONE OF THE  
**THE BEST!**

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND... 10¢